

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

OL. XX. NO. 21.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IN MEMORIAM

THE PEOPLE OF BLOOMFIELD JOINED IN THE NATIONAL MOURNING FOR THE DEAD PRESIDENT, WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Solemn and impressive services for the late President were held at the First Presbyterian Church, at 10 o'clock, on Thursday morning, September 20th. The services were held in accordance with the program of the National Association of the People of the United States, which was held in New York City, on the same day.

The church was filled with a large number of people, who gathered to pay tribute to the memory of the late President. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. James G. Johnston, who read the opening prayer. The choir sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and the congregation responded with "Amen." The Rev. Dr. Johnston then read the following address:

The church pulpit was draped with American flags entwined about which were strips of mourning crepe. A portrait of the deceased President was placed in front of the pulpit desk.

The Rev. Dr. James G. Johnston of the Park M. E. Church presided, and opened the service with reading the proclamation of Governor Voorhees relative to the day and also recited the burial hymn. The Rev. Mr. Zesch of the German Presbyterian Church offered a fervent prayer for the protection of the nation's rulers and the people from the evils of anarchy. The quartette then rendered Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn "Lead Kindly Light." The Rev. Charles A. Cook of the First Baptist Church, after which the congregation sang the well-known hymn "God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

An impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. George A. Paul of the Westminister Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. P. G. Blight of the Wataessing M. E. Church read a scripture selection from II Corinthians. The quartette sang "Crossing the Bar," after which the Rev. George L. Curtis of the First Presbyterian Church delivered the memorial oration, and at its close the congregation sang the late President's hymn "Nearer My God to Thee." Many tears were shed as they sang. The Rev. Elliott Brown of the Glen Ridge Congregational Church made the closing prayer and pronounced the benediction.

The address delivered by the Rev. Mr. Curtis was in part as follows:

Friends and fellow citizens: All Americans to-day are "with one accord in one place." There has been no such church going day in all our history. We have come to the house of God, not drawn by curiosity or in obedience to proclamations, but in response to the impulse of deep affection, spontaneous and sincere. We are not here to applaud speeches or to listen to sermons. Flowers of rhetoric would seem strangely out of place; the phrases of daily life would utterly fail, and we would be impatient of all attempts at oratory. Our sorrow is too great for words. Silence alone is eloquence when the heart is broken.

There is a solemn hush over the whole country at this hour. The buildings of a continent are draped in black, schools are dismissed, business is suspended, wheels of railroad and trolley lines are motionless, the hum of a million voices of industry throughout the land is stilled as the mortal remains of the twenty-fifth President of the United States are borne to their last earthly resting place.

Our common grief has brought us together to express by our simple presence our honor, reverence and affection for the illustrious Chief Magistrate, so suddenly, so tragically taken from us; our horror and humiliation at as dastardly of the crime as has ever darkened the pages of history, and to implore divine protection for our nation, and divine guidance through this hour of sorrow and dismay.

We are here without thought of bill, partisanship or politics, knowing no difference of age or sex, class or creed, with all distinctions of rank and station completely aside. The motto which our martyred President once gave, "Harris! we know no class distinctions in this hour of ours," is in our minds and hearts to-day, and Northern and Southern societies and cities unite in placing tributes on his bier. He is buried with the button of the Loyal Legion on his breast, and mourned by Confederate veterans, the last resting place of whose comrades he took under the government's care.

blooms on his coffin. Tens of thousands within the last few days have stood hushed and silent in the pouring rain for hours to see his body pass through their tears. Not since the death of Lincoln have men so mourned.

Not is this nation alone in its sorrow or in this service. The expressions of appreciation and sympathy have been worldwide. Every ruler and nation, from Pope Leo XIII to the people of the Pacific Islands, have sent tributes of condolence. Memorial services are being held at this hour all over the world. London is mourning in black by the order of her sovereign, the United States and the American flag hang together at half mast on every vessel of the British Navy; unique services are being held in St. Paul's, and honors never before granted to an American are being paid in Westminster Abbey to the memory of our dead. Our loss, our sorrow are the loss and sorrow of the world.

These tributes are as appropriate as they are impressive. The one whom we mourn to-day was no ordinary man, but one who in his character, embodied the highest ideals of the Republic; in his career rendered most conspicuous service to his country; made a deep and wide mark upon the history of his time, and deserves the highest appreciation, love and lasting gratitude of his countrymen.

As citizens of this Republic, we mourn him who was the representative of this nation and head of our government. In a most tragic and terrible manner our President has been taken from us. With not an enemy in the whole world who was murdered because he held the office to which we had elected him. Our country was assailed in his own lives, liberty, happiness and institutions were attacked by a foe of society, by one bitterly hating all law and government; our homes and all they hold, and the heritage of our fathers more precious to us than life itself, by one who now cowers beneath the protection of the law which he deduced and understood to destroy. No other motive was given; there was no shadow of excuse, no palliation of the crime. Three times in the last thirty-six years has such a terrible tragedy been enacted. Lincoln fell when passions were inflamed by war, and section was arrayed against section; Garfield, when there was discussion in a great political party; and McKinley, when there was a contest for the Presidency. The murder of President McKinley was the act of a Judas, and the assassin stood for anarchy. The President of our selection and mine, the representative of this people, no tyrant, but the Chief Minister and "servant of all" in this nation, was murdered because of services which we had chosen him to perform. This is a common crime, but one cordially detested by men in convict stripes, and which must be held in "shameful and hell. Rightly do guns boom and bells toll, and flags float at half mast or cling, craped wound, to our houses. Our President is dead!

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I and you, and all of us fell down.

Whill bloody treason flurried over us.

As Americans we mourn the loss of a patriot and statesman. A true, a great American is gone! We have no disposition to discuss his policy or trace his political career. Men may differ as to the wisdom of some of his acts; they are unanimous as to the purity of his patriotism, the singleness and sincerity of his purpose to serve his country. We think of him as the boy who at eighteen eagerly enlisted at the outbreak of the Civil War, and who won promotion and brevet by deeds of extraordinary courage and daring; as the youthful lawyer, beginning at 33 years of age a career of 14 years in the halls of Congress; as the twice elected governor of our state; as the President appointed by Providence through the suffrage of this mighty nation to take the helm of the ship of state at a great crisis in its history, to guide it safely through great financial dangers, and yet greater political perils, through blood and through pain, to face an untold sea with a wider horizon than any of predecessors had beheld; with new difficulties and problems ever before him, and through whose skill we have come to hold a new position among the nations of the world, and to have a new conception of our duty, our responsibility and our destiny.

He was great in opportunity, for he assumed office at one of the most trying times in our nation's history, when its prosperity and progress, and those of the world as well, depended upon his attitude and action. But all his previous life had been a preparation for that opportunity when it came, and he seized it with courage, yet with commendable caution. Careful ways to have the country back of him, he was to a remarkable degree representative, and he came to be the embodiment of the will of the majority of the people, bringing the country safely through a marvellously short and successful war to peace and prosperity.

He expanded its territory and increased its population and influence to an extent of which the founders of this Republic never dreamed. The manner of his death has placed him in a great triumvirate with Lincoln and Garfield. He may not have had the wisdom of Washington, the faith and far-seeing eye of Lincoln, the quiet force and dogged tenacity of Grant; but he united commanding qualities in such number and to such a degree that by their combination he may be justly styled great. Simple, sincere, sympathetic, approachable, affable, large hearted and broad minded, he was first and last an American.

If "Let us have peace" phrased the spirit of Grant's administration, President McKinley's public life expressed more loudly than words, "Let us have prosperity," and "Let our light shine for all mankind." Under his leadership we have given freedom to Cuba, education to Porto Rico, and through his appointment we will yet give a Christian civilization to the islands of the Sea. It was his voice raised high above the wrangling and cruelty of European powers which secured justice for conquered China.

Our country is united to-day in ad-

miration of his spirit, in acceptance of the results of his labors. We may judge of his statesmanship by the fact that at first seized the world, last his policy should be changed by his successor, and the relief we now feel at the promised continuance, so long known by the effective, sincere, personal and personal with which we know his policy. We may safely leave his tenure to the judgment of posterity, confident that when viewed through the perspective of history he will be found standing in the forefront of our nation's leaders. "One of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." We are proud of the honor and glory that future generations will yet say of our time "There were giants in the land in those days." We have looked upon the face of one; his footprints are here for us still to follow. A great American is gone!

A good man is gone! We mourn the man William McKinley, even more than the President. "He was a man, taking him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." It was moral greatness that raised him to the conspicuous position which he held; it was moral greatness that won for him the hearts of his countrymen. We reverence his memory for the beauty of his character: simple, sincere, unaffected, true. He was a superb specimen of the finest type of Americanism, a characteristic product of our institutions of which we are justly proud. The poverty of his early days stood only as an incentive to earnest effort. It was fidelity in every station, as soldier, teacher, lawyer, legislator, that led to his promotion and swift success. His integrity was unquestionable; his sympathy never wavered. Men might bitterly oppose his policy; his character was never assailed. There was no "mud throwing" in any campaign in which he was a candidate. He was above using it, and to him it could never stick.

We learned with a thrill of pride that he left only a small fortune behind him, and that mainly in savings banks. So sensitive was his conscience, so great was his horror of using public office for personal profit! But his "good name" is rather to be chosen than great riches. On the floor of the National Convention of his party he twice refused to be a candidate for the Presidency. His support was pledged to a friend, not requesting but demanding that his name be dropped. In public or in private life the world has seen no more touching example of conjugal love and tenderness than that which he ever showed to his invalid wife, in whose crushing sorrow we all share. His friendship was proven by the sacrifice of his entire fortune in the bankruptcy of his business.

The courtesy of a Christian gentleman was in him ever conspicuous. One of the most striking photographs of the President shows him stopping in a mining camp to allow a little girl to take a snap shot at him with her kodak. The working men found in him the sympathy and cordiality of one who was himself used to labor. A bitter opponent of his political policy, but a warm admirer of his character, declared that the President's considerate treatment always put him to embarrassment. And those who stood by him at the moment of his assassination have testified to the look of sorrow and pity, not scorn and hatred, which he gave to the wretch who took his life.

He grew immeasurably in moral grandeur to our eyes during the last eight days of his life. How our admiration deepened into reverence and softened into affection as we saw the courage and calmness with which he faced the "last great enemy, Death." The people who never forgot those three inquiries following one another in swift succession as soon as he was shot, as to the welfare of his wife, the safety of his assassin, and the pleasure of the public. Even at that moment his thoughts were not of himself but of others, even of him who had wretchedly wronged him. The spirit of him who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," was in the prayer, "Don't let them hurt him," and his last words, "God's will, not ours, be done," breathed the agony of the Garden. President, patriot, man and brother, husband and friend, true gentleman, Christian hero—thank God for such a model, for such an American!

Our sorrow could not have been greater, more deliberate, despicable, discolored. He had borne his faculties so meek, had been so calm, so great an office that his virtues will stand like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off.

Our loss could not be deeper, more personal, more profound. But God is not dead. He still rules and overrules, bringing good out of evil, beauty and perfume out of mud and mire, and making even the worst of men to praise him. "We are chosen People," truly as he was the Hebrew nation of old, chosen to set the example of righteousness, to carry the light and liberty to the world. God's plan and purpose for this people have not been thwarted, and are still unchanged.

He could not completely spare the life in answer to prayer, but a larger response may yet come to the people through his death. First, our country will be more closely united to our common loss. He has just told how nearly the President, in people during the Spanish war, and the power and influence of our country. He has just told how nearly the President, in people during the Spanish war, and the power and influence of our country. He has just told how nearly the President, in people during the Spanish war, and the power and influence of our country.

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ships, we realize the kinship of all mankind. Further legislation should be enacted through which anarchism in the United States shall be destroyed, root and branch, so that such crimes and the utterances which incite them may become as impossible as the sun in the night. There should, too, a deeper sense of our individual responsibility for law and order, for constitutionalism and self-control, with shame at such journalism as the anarchists themselves declare instigated murder, and at such lawless violence upon evil-doers, brutal and bloody, as contrasts with the dying words of our nation's hero, "Don't hurt him." Let us, then, be true to our duty, and diagnose some parts of our land. "From all evil, pry conspiracy and rebellion; from hardness of heart and contempt of thy word and commandment; Good Lord, deliver us." May this tragedy deepen our feeling of dependence upon Almighty God, and "Hearer, my God, to Thee, I come, all over this land, as of one nation's hymn, be indeed the prayer of this people.

Our united prayer arises for his successor in office, a man virile and heroic, who so well illustrates the meaning of his own phrase, "the strenuous life." We thank God that another man of Christian character has been called to the head of our government, a man of whom General Joe Wheeler declared, "He was the most honest man I ever knew;" a man of ability, of integrity, intense and impassioned in his patriotism and his desire to do his whole duty, with a past record for fidelity and fearlessness, careful and conscientious. May God give to him as to the youthful Solomon the understanding heart, that he may be a wise leader of the nation as it enters upon a new era of its history. The moral value of the death of our great President cannot be overestimated. It was a fitting close to a glorious life. His hand had guided the Ship of State through one of the greatest crises of her history, out of old channels which men had followed for a century into a new, a broader, a more bold and expansive, a new century and a new era of expansion and development. His work was done. It but remained to crown his career of service with the supreme sacrifice, to lay down his life for his country, and by the manner of his death to show the greatest grade of character, the highest ideal of true citizenship. He died as did Cromwell, William the Silent, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield. His work was not done, nor incomplete. The tributes to his memory are rendered to William McKinley the man, more than the President. It is the homage paid by humanity to character, and shows the substance of the sacrifice in the great service which he rendered to his country that all that it cost. "Great" says Emerson, "exist that they may be great men." This life was the "corn of wheat" cast into our soil, bearing forth fruit in a million lives, and the memory of the martyred President, like that of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Grant, will be a perpetual inspiration to generations to come. And so, "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

More than 2,000 years ago, when Aschines in an oration second only to that on the same occasion by Demosthenes, was opposing the granting of the crown to the great orator by the city of Athens, he warned the Athenians that by the honors they bestowed they were forming the character of their children, and judging themselves. He declared that not schools nor gymnasiums, but public morals and public example were the influences that moulded young men. The character of a city is determined by the character of the men it crowns. May the youth of America never forget the lesson of this life, that goodness is greatness; that not commercialism but patriotism should be our passion; not selfishness, but altruism the mark by which we are to be known to the world; not position nor profit, but character the great end to be sought, for men and for nations, and that most of all (in the words of one who has fought for forty years for his country, and then laid down his life in the work of raising two down trodden and degraded races among us.) "IT PAYS TO PUT GOD AND COUNTRY FIRST, AND SELF AFTERWARDS."

Other Memorial Services.

A largely attended memorial service was held in the Wataessing M. E. Church Thursday night when an eloquent address was made by the Rev. P. G. Blight, and the choir rendered some fine music.

Memorial service was held in Christ Episcopal Church on Thursday.

All the pastors of the several churches made the death of President McKinley the subject of pulpit discourses last Sunday.

A memorial service was held in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Thursday morning. There was a large attendance of the members of the congregation and the children of the Parochial school.

To the Golden Gate.

The Rev. E. A. White, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, accompanied by Mrs. White and the latter's mother, Mrs. E. B. Fielding, and Mrs. F. W. Tolley and Miss Tolley of Glen Ridge, left town Tuesday night for California. It is a matter of local consequence that the party were able to purchase tickets and check their baggage over the entire route from the Glenwood Avenue station of the Lackawanna Railroad, and it also was a record breaker at the local ticket office in the matter of financial receipts for a single sale of tickets. The Rev. Mr. White goes to California as a delegate from the Newark diocese to the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church. At the conclusion of the convention the party will spend some time in sightseeing on the Pacific coast, and will probably reach home in about two months.

THE TOWN TRIBUTE

OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

Memorials of sorrow displayed, from nearly every home, store, and factory in the town—General Convention of Business on Thursday.

The people of this town have joined in a commendable unanimity in the mourning of the nation for the untimely death of the Chief Magistrate. Nowhere was the finger of criticism so pointed and say that that man or woman did not enter into the grief of the nation on account of a political or religious difference of opinion. Bloomfield is truly cosmopolitan in its population.

In addition to the native-born population, every European nationality is represented here. All the religious denominations common to civilization are represented here. All the political parties that divide the people in times of political contest are represented here in a greater or less degree; but who could point to any indication on Thursday of the past week that one man differed from another in politics or religion? Never before in the history of this town has such a unanimity of sentiment been manifested, and that sentiment one of grief. In such a time as this it is not in proper taste to particularize with respect to the public manifestation of mourning; the most pleasing feature of it all was the universality of the expressions of grief. From the humblest home to the most costly residence, there may have been a wide degree of difference in the expenditure for mourning emblems, but in each and all the same spirit prevailed.

William McKinley, as a private citizen, belonged to a certain political party and to a particular religious denomination, but William McKinley, as President of the United States, rose above party and denominational lines and endeavored to be the best of the nation in the best interests of its people, irrespective of political or religious creed, and it was the wide public faith that such was his aim that thus manifested in the universal mourning over his untimely death.

National prosperity, universal comfort and happiness of the people had characterized his occupancy of the Presidential chair. Theorists and speculative thinkers may point to accidental and fortunate courses that tended to make the Presidency of William McKinley a propitious and happy one for the people of this country, but deep in the heart of the American people the name of William McKinley is personally and closely associated with it all, and for this they loved him living, and for this they mourn him dead.

It is this deep-rooted sentiment of love for the man and for what he has exemplified in the eyes of the people that is the correct interpretation of the universal and unexceptionable sentiment of grief that has been conspicuous in every home and every business place in the town of Bloomfield during the past week.

An Impressive Scene.

There was an impressive scene at the business Centre of this town on Thursday afternoon at half past three o'clock, when the church bells and fire bell tolled a funeral knell in honor of the late President William McKinley. As soon as the first peal of the bell rang out pedestrians stopped and bared their heads, the drivers of a score or more of carriages and other vehicles immediately stopped their horses, bicyclists dismounted from their wheels, and all stood for a few moments in silent awe. Three trolley cars loaded with passengers had just reached the Centre when the bells began to toll. The motemen immediately stopped and the passengers joined in singing "Nearer My God to Thee." A Lackawanna train stopped midway between the Glenwood Avenue and Wataessing stations, and for a few moments there was almost absolute stillness throughout the town, for aside from the scene at the Centre similar scenes were enacted in all parts of the town.

Death of Mr. Devendorf.

Mr. Franklin Denning Devendorf, aged 64 years, died at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Godlove C. Selbert, on Ashland Avenue, early Thursday morning. He was until recently a resident of Boonville, but originally from Watertown, N. Y. In 1885-1886 he served as Alderman of Watertown. A widow and two daughters survive him. The interment will be at Adams Center, N. Y.

Flag Raising.

A flag-pole was erected on Oakland Avenue on Thursday morning, and a flag raised at half-mast. The spectators sang "America." Remarks on the life of William McKinley were made by J. A. Starkward, and "The Flag" was the subject of an address by Rev. Charles A. Cook. The people present sang "The Red, White and Blue," "Star Spangled Banner," and "Bally Round the Flag."

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